Oth. The tyrant cuſtome moſt great Senators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteele Cooch of warre,
My thrice driuen bed of downe: I doe agnize
A naturall and prompt alacrity,
I finde in hardneſſe, and would vndertake
This preſent warres againſt the *Ottamites*,
Moſt humbly therefore, bending to your State,
I craue fit diſpoſition for my wife,
Due reuerence of place and exhibition,
Which ſuch accomodation? and beſort
As leuels with her breeding.
Du. If you pleaſe, bee't at her fathers.
Bra. Ile not haue it ſo.
Oth. Nor I.
Deſd. Nor I, I would not there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye: moſt gracious Duke,
To my vnfolding lend a gracious eare,
And let me finde a charter in your voyce,
And if my ſimpleneſſe. ----
Du. What would you ---- ſpeake.
Deſ. That I did loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe right violence, and ſcorne of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world: my hearts ſubdued,
Euen to the vtmoſt pleaſure of my Lord:
I ſaw *Othelloes* viſſage in his minde,
And to his Honors, and his valiant parts
Did I my ſoule and fortunes conſecrate:
So that deere Lords, if I be left behinde,
A Mothe of peace, and he goe to the warre,
The rites for which I loue him, are bereft me,
And I a heauy interim ſhall ſupport,
By his deare abſence, let me goe with him.
Oth. Your voyces Lords: beſeech you let her will,
Haue a free way, I therefore beg it not
To pleaſe the pallat of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heate, the young affects

In my defunct, and proper ſatisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous of her mind,
And heauen defend your good ſoules that you thinke
I will your ſerious and good buſineſſe ſcant,
For ſhe is with me; --- no, when light-wingd toyes,
And feather'd Cupid foyles with wanton dulneſſe,
My ſpeculatiue and actiue inſtruments,
That my diſports, corrupt and taint my buſineſſe,
Let huſwiues make a skellet of my Helme,
And all indigne and baſe aduerſities,
Make head againſt my reputation.
Du. Be it, as you ſhall priuately determine,
Either for ſtay or going, the affaires cry haſt,
And ſpeede muſt anſwer, you muſt hence to night,
Deſd. To night my Lord?
Du. This night.
Oth. With all my heart.
Du. At ten i'the morning here weel meete againe.
Othello, leaue ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our Commiſſion bring to you,
With ſuch things elſe of quality or reſpect,
As doth concerne you.
Oth. Pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honeſty and truſt,
To his conueyance I aſſigne my wife,
With what elſe needefull your good Grace ſhall thinke,
To be ſent after me.
Du. Let it be ſo:
Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your ſon in law is farre more faire then blacke.
1 *Sena.* Adue braue Moore, vſe *Deſdemona* well.
Bra. Looke to her Moore, haue a quicke eye to ſee,
She has deceiu'd her father, may doe thee. *Exeunt.*
Oth. My life vpon her faith: honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leaue to thee,
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,